经对金融 SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Tethute to an Eminent New England Divine The interest awakened in one phase of modern New England theology by the Chansing centenary, and the literature it called has naturally drawn attention to other and different tendencies of religious thought. Among the preachers and thinkers connected with the Congregational denomination none perhaps, in our time, have commanded more general respect, while profoundly disturbing the orthodox opinions on some funds ental questions, than Dr. Horace Bushnell whose life is now set forth at length by MARY BUSHNELL CHENEY (Harpers). The work here presented is of extended scope, supplying, as it m, not only the biography of its subject, but a somplete conspectus of the controversies occasloned by certain of his writings in the Cor gregational body. The compiler has been argely assisted in her task by Dr. E. P. Parker, Dr. C. A. Bartol, and Dr. Leonard Bacon; but she has weven her diverse materials into a sufficiently coherent and readable volume.

Born in 1802, at New Preston, Connecticut Horace Bushnell became pastor of the North Dongragational Church, at Hartford, at the age of 31, and in that city passed the greater part of als life. The first of his theological writings which disclosed his original point of view, anpeared in 1849, this being followed, at short intervals, by many others of a strikingly indendent character, and he had begun a new sook on the modes and uses of inspiration when he died in 1876. The ideas which he expressed respecting the doctrine of the Trinity gave rise to much debate, and the preacher was alled upon to answer a charge of heresy, which, however, was not sustained. Dr. Bushnell arand that human language is incapable of exing, with any exactness, theological science pressing, with any exactness, theological science. There was, undoubtedly, something singularly individual in the make of the man. He was. says Prof. Phelps, one of his kindlest critics, s Staire in his thinking, taking in all things, and reflecting back all things at angles of his With many of the tastes, and, as his sppenents charged, with the imperious bearing of leadership, he yet never led a party or unded a school. On most subjects of theological discussion he believed that he had conseptions such as no other man had, and his swn ideal of worthy, fruitful work was that of covery. He held that a thought once buried did not deserve resuscitation, and segarded exhumed accumulations of literature as nearly valueless. Hence he sherished profound disrespect for large repositories of books, and considered that the ing of the Alexandrian library was probably no loss to the world, and that perhaps the major part of the libraries of Paris and of the British seum was not worth storage. To Dr. Bushnell, says Prof. Phelps, the superlative, vital thing was the latest discovery. He was a seer, not a resecuer, and it follows that the last and ast thing that concerned him was the consislency of his present with his past opinions, or either with the revelation of to-morrow.

Inasmuch as Dr. Bushnell's theory of language has attracted a good deal of notice in Europe and in this country, the general reader may feel some curiosity to see the account which he gives in a private letter of the circumstances and methods controlling the formation of his own style. He was brought up, it seems in a country family, ignorant of any but Conut country society, where, he tells us, cullivated language in conversation was unknown. age, when, he thinks, "the vernacular type of language is cast, and will not afterward commonly be much altered." His problem was from that point onward, how to get a language, and where. At first he took Paley for a model, discerning a cerlain beauty in that writer's plain, go-afoot die-Mon, but he soon observed that his own thinksame pedestrian movement. One day he un-Sertook to read Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." but finding it foggy and unintelligible, put the book back on the shelves. The seed fell, however, on good ground, for the young man's went on ruminating until one day, he talls us, lighting on the book again. he read it, and behold, all was lucid and instructive. He then discovered how "language, built on physical images, is itself two stories high, and is in fact an outfit for a double range of uses." In one application it is literal. naming so many roots or facts of form; in the other it is figurative, "figure on figure, clean properly signify." Thenceforth writing became to Dr. Bushnell, in a large measure, the making of language; the procreation of new metaphor and image, and not a ransacking of lexicons. The second, third, and thirtieth senses of words-all but the physical first sense-belong, be says, to the Empyrean, and are given us, as we see in the prophets and poets, to be inspired by. Of course, he continues, they must be genu nely used-in their nature, and not contrary to L "We learn to embark on them as we do when re go to sea; and when the breeze of inspiration somes we glide." Commonly, there will be, he adds, a certain rhythm in the motion, as there is in waves, and as we hear in Æolian chords.

In the same letter to a young friend Dr. Bushnell adds some practical suggestions, which merit noting, both for their own sake and because of the comparison they suggest with Ben Jonson's well known words of counsel or he subject. Never, says Dr. Bushnell, take a model to be copied; "when it is being done no great work begins-the fire is punky, and Inc style, or say things beautifully." If one san have great thoughts, let these burst the thells of words, if they must, to get expression. And if they are less rhythmic when expressed than is quite satisfactory, " mere thought, mere head work will, of course, have its triangulasons, and ought to have." Add now, he says great inspirations, great stirrings, sweepings lusts of suntiment, and these, just so long a the gale lasts, will set everything gliding and howing, whether to order or not. " But let no one think to be gliding always. A good prose motion has some thumping in it."

Every-Day English,

The paradoxical and pregnant thesis that the English language has no grammar, of which Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE may be fairly enough termed the discoverer, seeing that he was the first to gain for it a wide and respectful hearing, is expounded and enforced with fresh argument and illustration in Every-Day English (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Of the prolonged, and sometimes acrimonious, controversies to which the first systematic advocacy of this view gave rise, it is needless to san be adduced by the author of this volume in the growing indifference of the public to merely grammatical criticism, and in the materia surtailment of the space once allowed to formal grammar in the studies of our schools. We do not mean, of course, that Mr. White has come off unseathed in all of his contests with innumerable disputants, that all of his main positions have been successfully defended. much less that he has always supplied in his own writing, what indeed he has at no time pretended to supply, a dem-enstration and a model of that correctness, fluoney, and lucidity of style which he affirms ought to follow, other favorable condi-Bions being present, the application of his prinsiples. As to the latter point, which can hardly be raised with pertinence or courtesy in the iscussion of theories which should, of course, be accepted or rejected on their merits, without reference to the technical skill evinced by their advocate, we will only say that, in our opinion. it would be hard to find among contemporary men of letters in Great Britain or in this country a more expert, agreeable, and exemplary writer of idiomatic English. We may add that the bitterness of the opposition which his reso lute assault upon traditional methods of making and learning grammar provoked in certain guarters can be easily accounted for by a recognition of the vested interests threatened, by a calculation of the number of school teachsee someintance with the old-fashioned grammatical treadmill formed the bulk of their stock in trade, and of the large sums inves by publishers in the discredited school books. In a chapter of this volume, the writer recurs, as we have said, to a theme which he has made, in a certain sense, his own, and examines some

of the answers returned to the question, "What

is grammar?" One definition which he quotes,

viz., "Grammar is a statement of the facts of a language," would, we should have said at first sight, prove specially acceptable to Mr. White, since it takes no account of alleged aws and storeotyped rules. But the author points out that grammar, thus defined, would require not a monograph, but a library for its adequate exposition, since the fact of a language include" all the incidents of its history, its origin, its formation, its development, the fleeting usages, both verbal and constructive, in past centuries, as well as the best usage of the present age." It means so much that, in his judgment, it practically means nothing. Prof. Whitney defines grammar as "that branch of knowledge which teaches the art of speaking correctly," but he goes on to say that properly it includes only etymology and synax." Dr. Alexander Bain abandons wholly the attempt to define grammar, saying, "Although we might be expected at the outset to determine the scope or province of our subject, we are pre-cluded from doing so by the neglect of grammarians to observe a clear line of distinction between grammar and the allied departments. other." Mr. White cites, however, another redentally lets fall his notion of grammar. " The whole fabric of grammar rests upon the classifying of words according to their functions in the sentence." Our author's own concepcould not be described as a science or an art. of a trifling and almost inappreciable residuum, died out of the English language. It has died out, he says, for the simple reason

tion is as follows: "Grammar condependent relations in the sentence." It is the thing thus defined, and which by the definition that Mr. White declares has, with the exception that the forms of words upon which by the definition such a thing must depend departed long ago. With a minimum of exception pronouns, in one case of nouns, and in a few ersons and numbers of verbs. English words have but one form. But where words have seased to exhibit varying forms indicative of their various relations, a grammar which turns on those relations! is obviously impossible. Such is the argument which at one time Mr White puts in a nutshell, and which he afterward expands and fortifies. Returning to the introductory essay which is modestry termed a preface, but which contains

some of the soundest thinking and most effective expression in the book, we would draw special attention to one of Mr. White's observations What we need as the medium of communicagant but "every-day" English, and he insists that the most important part of this unpretentions customary idlom has not to do with gram mar, or with spelling, or with pronugelation It has to do with the right use of words, as t their meaning and their logical connection and this may be learned by study and l care at almost any time of life. As to English orthography, this is so unsystematic that Mr. White thinks it can not be justly regarded as an ultimate end o the highest importance, nor even, either as process or as result, of very great intellectual value. He has known many persons, feeble-minded and ignorant, who were irreproachable in respect of their spelling, and he has me with others able to utter the thoughts of strong and richly-stored minds with clearness and force, but who were scarcely capable of writing conform to the dictionary standard. As to prolearned by study and from teachers, even from those who teach orally. After maturity, defects in orthogry are almost ineradicable. No doubt gross faults in this respect may be corrected by observation, practice and careful watching but he has noticed that if once excitement relax the consciousness and vigilance of the speaker early habit instantly resumes its sway, and the late precision in orthogry lapses into provin cialism or vulgarity. And, therefore, the only practicable and fruitful aim to be set before the student of language is not concerned with its tion, but simply, as our author evers, with the right use of words as to their meaning and log ical connection. The purpose of this volume we are told, is the humble one of striving to do what may be done to help its readers to employ language reasonably, consistently, normally and without coarseness on one side, or affecta-

tion of elegance on the other.

Some New Novels. The deserved success which attended the English versions of "Uarda" and "The Daughter of an Egyptian King " has prompte a third and almost equally promising venture in the same direction. In Homo Sum, a novel by Dr. GEORGE ERERS, translated from the German by Clara Bell (W. S. Gottsberger), we have a study of Egyptian life and character under the material conditions and spiritual influences which characterized the Singitic peninsula during the first half of the fourth century of the Christian era. In the mass of martyrology, of the records of ascetle and of the histories of saints and monks, which it was necessary to work through in the course of the author's investigation. he came upon a peculiar and touching narrative which has been made the basis of the present story. In his journey through Arabia Petresa, Prof. Ebers saw, with his own eyes, the caves of the anchorites of Sinai and the ruins of the Roman dwellings in the casis of Pharen, where the scenes of this narrative are laid, and he was haunted he tells us, by the thought that a soul's problem of s most exceptional type was couched in the simple outlines of this little history. An ancharite, falsely accused instead of another, take the latter's punishment of expulsion on himself, without any attempt at self-exculpation and his innocence becomes known only through the confession of the real culprit; such is the cardinal motive of the narrative. The tempta tions, the strivings, the lapses which are oceasioned in the solitary cave dweller by the stings of old habits and desires, and the overpowering influence of sexual affection, and which are suggested by the words of Terence which form the title of the book, fill the foreground of the canvas, and rivet with a strange ascination the attention of the reader. Prof. Ebers avers that in this book his object has been less complex than in the two novels

above mentioned, for here he has aimed nothing but to give artistic expression to the vivid realization of an idea that had deeply stirred his own emotions. Whereas in his earlier romances the artist was compelled make concessions to the scholar, here, we are assured, he has not attempted to instruct. Notwithstanding this modest disclaimer, it is clear from the pains which the author takes to verify the shape and color of the local surroundings, and the minuteness with which he reproduces the customs, motives, and sentiments of the time, that this is in a strict sense an historical novel, and that it deserves to rank with its companion volumes among the most authenile, complete, and admirable reconstructions of the past. While his main theme is conn the East, with the broodings and wrestlings of self-isolated beings who represent the wounded and vanquished in the battle of life, the background and middle distance of the story are pictorial and animated, the stream of human action beats against the refuge of the fugitives, and the winds blowing from the west are laden with the echoes of Alexandria and Rome. Even the central figure of the anchorite, in which the author would have us look for nothing but a psychological study, is invested with a flesh-and-blood reality through the dissiosure of his earlier experiences and the exhibition of their bearing on the trials of his later situation; while around him, in concen-tio circles, marking wider degrees of distance

from his numbers point of view, mov ters. most of them sharply individualized, and together constituting an impressive panorama of ancient civilization at the transitional epoch of Constantine, and in an outpost of the Roman world. The only book relating to the same, or nearly the same period, which can pretend to vie with the present story n instructive power and pictorial charm. Kingsley's "Hypatia;" but that work is mainly occupied with the polemical controversies between the Christian theologians of Alexandria and the new Platonists. There is less opportu nity for a careful, comprehensive, and spirited portraval of genuine types, and it is no dispar agement to Mr. Kingsley to say that he pos sessed neither the profound acquirements the artistic faculty of which Prof. Ebers has given conclusive evidence.

A novel which advances not a little the cred

of American literature, and which may rightfully challenge a place among works of art, is The Undiscovered Country, by W. D. HOWELLS. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). When we say that this book evinces the close observation and fine insight, the broad and tremulous sympathy, whose touch reveals itself in humor or in pathos, as well as the scrupulous finish and rare felicity of diction which have gone far to rank the "Wedding Journey" and "The Lady of the Aroostook" among our minor classic we should doubtless say enough to commend the present story to a cultivated public. we stopped here we should miss the distin guishing feature and superior aim of the performance. While the author' so nimble and incisive in the strokes with which he seeks to paint contemp rary manners and unfold the motives, predilections, and ideas of every-day men and while we are made b recognize, with a vicari-ous zest or sorrow, he diverting or the poignant aspects of ordinary life, we are also led, in founder topics, to scale heights of speculation and to breathe a rarer atmosphere. This boo is something larger and deeper than the brigh and faithful transcripts of the surface of things which Mr. Howells had given us. As regard the plane and scope of the author's endeavor, it can no more be compared wit his earlier productions than Balzac's "Re cherche de L'Absolu" can be classed in th same category with "La Cousine Bette" or "La Fomme de Trente Ans." In this volume Mi Howells has essayed to probe some of the subtlest and most pregnant questions, whos solution, if seized at all, must be sought abou those unmapped and undeciphered phenomens which compose the border land and disputed province of physiology, and of psychology Those who have followed the discussion of the norbid anatomy of mental derangement, and especially of hypnotism, somnambulism, and ev's " Pathology of Mind" will have in view he recondite and enigmatical data which form "The Undiscovered Country," and can imagine the ardent curiosity and mysterious fascination attaching to a novelist's attempt o scrutinise these strangely misconceived phenomena and to detect some clue to the mazes of psychic aberration. To this underaking Mr. Howells has obviously brought the weighed and sifted gleanings of patient, earnest, and comprehensive study in a specific field of research, and he has approached an exposition of his views through the analysis of human act and motive in a philosophic spirit equally free from stubborn distrust and eas redulity, a spirit, in fact, identical with the in which these problems have recently been examined by those adepts in mental science who survey the whole subject from a physic ogical point of view, and discern pathological riddles in so-called spiritual mysteries.

We have had, on the whole, more chaff han wheat from the crop of society erature called into existence by the marked commercial success of Mr. James's "In-ternational Episode" and "Daisy Mitler," and the anonymous brochure, re-printed from Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of the "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy." Most of the efforts to work the promising vein thus opened have proved abor ive, owing either to the want of adequate knowledge or to a lack of technical skill in the presentation of the facts. Neither of these thortcomings will be noted in the new and elever sketch by Mr. Robert Grant, which n the form of a story, offers an auhantis transcript of New York fashionable ife, and whose happy point of view i adroitly suggested in the title of the story-The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl (A. Williams & Co.). No one, of course, can un ithout grotesque impertinence, t write a novel of this kind, however modest and superficial its aim may seem tried by high esthetic standards, unless he is thoroughly conversant with what is known in three or four of our larger Atlantic cities as "society excellence. That Mr. Grant possesses abundant vouchers of competence to conduct the inquisiive reader through the complexities of an un ambitious but interesting theme, will be plain o those readers who themselves are expert n the nice grasp of fleeting usage and modish diom, and of those easteric conventionalities of speech and behavior which are modified from year to year, almost from day to day Good breeding, we know, is something sounder deeper, and less mutable than fashionable manners, but perhaps the conception of a well ored man might be evolved out of the depths o our own consciousness, informed and enlight aned by an assiduous study of "Sir Charles Grandison." Yet such a man, we must admit would make an incongruous and even a ridicu alous figure in a contemporary drawing room and we see, therefore, that the fugitive tints and subtle touches which can only be registered by close and patient observation, are indispensable to a picture of society as it is; as it differs, that s to say, from the myriad concentric circles which imitate and approach, but do not ex ctly reproduce it.

The effectiveness of this sketch is signally enhanced, as we have hinted, by the autobic graphical form in which the tale is cast. The young lady in whose fortunes, as related by nerself, we learn to take a lively interest, is truly typical, being neither wiser and more plous nor more ignorant and trivial than the average maid or matron of the fashionable world. That she, like most of her companions is a frivolous girl, we learn from her candid avowal, and we could hardly anticipate a more serious outcome from an education con jucted on the principles propounded by her teacher, the distinguished manager o young ladies' school. It was the atter's pet theory. We are told, that it is best for woman to know a little of everything, and nothing thoroughly, and we infer that the heroine of this story was a favorite pupil, so well does she exemplify in her discourse and correspondence the results of her astute and selectic training. Miss Alice Palmer-such is the young lady's name—whatever may be her mental and spiritual deficiencies, is certainly very charming person, and an impression ! comehow left on the reader's mind that his same frivolous girl might, under favorable conditions, turn out a faith ful, helpful, and, we may add, ful woman. This impression, we need not say could not have been produced had there been lash of acridity or faintest tinge of contemp in the sketch before us. The satire, if, indeed his photograph of drawing rooms can be de scribed as having any satirical aim, is of the sunniest, most playful kind, and the irony is too gentle to provoke anything less kindly than an appreciative smile. We may say, further that the writer, seeing that he always speaks in the person of his heroine, escapes criticism on the score of Americanisms in his diction, and indeed, might even assert for his work, on the ground of such characteristic shortcom ings, a greater verisimilitude. Is he quite sure, however, that a well brought up young woman of Knickerbooker lineage would speak of her mother's "antecedents" or talk of a young man's wearing "pumps" at

wall seem too insignificant to be mooted, we will fraw attention merely to one more serious alip which we have noted not infrequently in every-day chat. In one passage of this volume Miss Palmer speaks of herself as "emerging five minutes later in my nubis [sic] and snowy Why "nubis," if you please? The fleecy thing which indies sometimes wear abou their heads and necks is very aptly termed a 'cloud," and the synonym " sube" is very properly borrowed from the Italian. But "nubia" is term " most tolerable and not to be endured."

The series of "Knickerbooker Novels now publishing by the Putnams has contained some very readable stories, and the credit thus sequired is not likely to be impaired by one of the latest volumes, called Uncle Jack's Executors, by ANNETTS LUCILLE NOBLE. This is record of the thoughts and ways of quiet peo ple in a New England village; but the reader who imagines that the narrative may lack vivacity and charm on that account, will find himself agreeably disappointed. The author knows her subject well, and she demonstrates by this experiment that there is ample scope i the scenes, incidents, and characters which she has chosen for portrayal to exhibit literary gifts of no common order. On her modest canvas, unillumined as it is by gleams from the fashionable world and undarkened by the shadows of crime, there is room enough for the play of hu-man sympathies; and the vivid realism with which the author delineates homely joys and griefs, more than compensates us for the wan of any morbid stimulus. Those who love the highly seasoned productions of Oulda, or have contracted a special relish for those Parisian novelists, so many of whose works are not ranslated, may pronounce this story tame, for there is certainly no trace of Gallie intensity in the situations and emotions described. But those who recall with pleasure the Chronicles of Carlingford, and linger with unaffected and en during zest over Thomas Hardy's pastorals may look for a like wholesome and satisfying entertainment in this bright and genial study of unpretentious folk.

A Stranded Ship by L. CLARKE DAVIS is at other satisfactory addition to Putnam's Knickerbocker series. The motive in this case is o he kind known as sensational, the action of the story turning on a supposed murder and giving rise to a number of what are commonly described as intense situations. The treat nent is marked, however, by self-restraint and a happy absence of melodramatic exaggeration genuine interest in his characters aside from the exciting and sometimes tragical circumstances in which they are involved,

There used to be a widespread impression mong novel readers that any story thought worthy of admission to the pages of Blackwood nust, ipso facto, be admirable and delightful For our own part we retain a vague reco of an occasional yawn over those vannted serials, and we are not, therefore, overpowered by the announcement that a given work of fletion is reprinted from the famous magazine. If, for instance, Reata, which is now published by the larpers, found many admirers in its serial form, we can only say that they were easily pleased. To us it seems a sluggish and tiresome narrative. It may be true, as is averred on behalf of this tale, that the portrayal of the manners of the Austrian nobility in their town and country life is scrupulously faithful, but few persons care to have such social studies of fered in the guise of a novel, whose plot is back neved and whose characters have little power of nrousing interest.

Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews We had occasion to notice, when the first volume of the work appeared, about a year ago remarkable contribution to the apparatus of Biblical exposition, published under the title of The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebreus Translated and Critically Examined by MICHAE HEILPRIN (Appletons). The author, as many readers doubtless are aware, is the son o Phineas Mendel Heilprin, one of the most distinguished Hebrew scholars of the century nd who, as a strenuous upholder of the Sephardie school, took a most active part in the ontroversies regarding the interpretation of the Talmud. A Radical in politics, the elder Heilprin was obliged by Russian oppression to quit Poland, his native country, and for like reasons emigrated to America from Hungary. his second home, after the failure of the revoiution of 1848. His oldest son, Michael. the author of the present work, who had been attached to the literary bureau of the Department of the Interior under the Kossuth Government, came to this country in 1856, and has since largely contributed to th American Cyclopedia" and other publications. His wide and accurate attainments have long been known to professional men of etters, and they are now disclosed to a wider audience by the book before us. We pointed out in a previous notice that while Mr. Heilprin has here availed himself of all the critical appliances accumulated by German scholars, this exhibition of the purport and the beauty, the varying historical value, and the frequent partisan coloring of the Old Testament poetry is strictly an original performance, and the analysis of questions relating to the date and circumstances of authorship, to the motives, affiliations, and sympathics of the several Scrip tural writers, has been greatly furthered by information drawn at first hand from the original ources of Hebrew history and tradition.

In the present volume Mr. Heilprin continue to discriminate the divergent streams of poetical chronicle and embellishment, which give such a different outline and color to particular events, according as the writer's sympathies bound him to the fortunes of Judah or to those of Ephraim, under which names the ten seceding tribes which composed the northern kingdom came to be collectively designated. It is a curious fact that of Solomon's successors in the two kingdoms into which his realm was rent on his death, none of the first five who reigned in either is mentioned by name in a single poetical line of Scripture, unless Joel's "Valley of Jehosophat, in which Jehovah judges all nations" is not a visionary spot of prophecy, but a real one called after the King of the same name. The first rulers of the ten tribes mentioned in a prophetical book are the two next successors o Zimri, viz., Omri and Ahab, father and son, the latter of whom, according to the most approved Biblical chronology, ended his career about 900 B. C. The story of Ahab, which, entwined as it is with the legends of the prophet Elijah, forms unquestionably one of the most interesting narratives in the Bible, is here reproduced in what may be accepted as the most carefully

winnowed and authentic form. In his account of the wars between the Hebrews and their neighbors in Edom. Most, Syria, and the coast of Palestine, Mr. Heilprin continues the process of excision, of which some striking examples were offered by his first volume, and demonstrates that for many a deed which makes the readers of Biblical his-tory shudder, the tribal jealousies and hatreds of the narrator are alone responsible. It seems clear, at all events, that the long, though intermittent, contest between the Hebrews and the Philistines was entirely free from such revolting features, while in some instances it presented traits of a chivalrous spirit. We are re minded that although David often vanquished the Philistines in fight, he did not subdue them and that although Solomon's empire extended from the Euphrates to the land of the Philis times and to the border of Egypt, it included neither of these countries. During his reign we find a king of Gath, while neither the con quest nor the revolt of any other Philistine city is related in the history of those times. As to the more northern towns on the Phonician coastland-Sidon, Tyre, Aradus, Byblus-peace and commercial intercourse seem to have been permanent between them and the Hebrew

One of the most striking chapters of the pres ent volume is devoted to the Prophet Amos whose characteristic quality is discorned in the fact that he has nothing in common with Waiving such queries, which may prophets by trade, and even protests against

the appellation as personally applicable to himseif. Amos makes no allusion whatever to any miraculous gift imparted to man, and all that he asserts for himself and other prophets, distinctive credential, is the power and the readiness to hear and understand when Jeho vah speaks. He announces Jehovah's words with the fullest of convictions, but it is not an angel that has brought it to him, nor has the Lord spoken to him mouth to mouth. Unlike the men whose fabrications credulity or pions deception wrote into the books of Israelitish history, distorting it to the confusion of the human intellect, Amos predicts no precise dates, has no vision of a name, Josiah, Mes siah, or other; has no definite future to fore tell. His vague outlines agree with his image of God, but he has no other revelations to make. Mr. Hellprin considers that, were all the rest of the Old Testament lost, our idea of Hebrew prophecy drawn from the book of Amos alone would be much higher than the idea of it which we now receive from the whole Scriptures.

suffice to convey to us, although all the rest of Hebrew literature had perished. It carries up back to the beginning of the eighth century B. C., into a southwestern corner of Asia. A that time, we are reminded, the delties of Asia Minor, like those of the neighboring Helias were numberiess, and all men in those countries, with the possible exception of here and there some speculative and half understoo philosopher, believed the highest of their gods to be man-like beings, ruled by whims and passions, by lust, envy, and hatred. Whatever may be said of its esoteric teachings, the popu lar theology of Egypt swarmed with horrid personifications of deified powers of na-ture, and the abominations of her ritual were countiess. Two rulers of the Semitized nation, the Assyrian Kings Shalms nesar II. and his son, had but recently erected monuments, whose inscriptions, now uncov ered, exhibit the most complicated and mon strone polytheism. The alters of Sidon and Tyre, reared to similar divinities, were recking with human blood, and in the very land of the Hebrews, the Phœnician Baal and Asharah had their fanatical votaries. In the midst of such surroundings, this little book of Amo shows us a man addressing an assemblage in city of the small kingdom of Israel, and ex horting it to repentance and abhorrence of evil in the name of a god whose attributes are omnipotence and holiness: Jehovah is his name. That god, he tells them, has no asso ates, works not through spirits or angels, de mands no temple or altar. All he askes of his worshippers in lieu of feast and song, of burnt offerings and flour offerings, is to "let justice flow as waters, and righteousness as a perennial stream, to hate evil, and love the good." He detests iniquity and profligacy, avenges the meek and downtrodden, and will destroy the wielders of power who "turn right into poison, and the fruit of righteousness into wormwood." Israel is his chosen people, theirs is no sine cure position of a favorite enjoying privileges. but the post of a follower bound to stricte bservance of duty, and subject to sterner rep robation and punishment. The man wh speaks in his name appeals, as has been said. to no other voucher but his inner light and feel ing, relies for protection neither on heavenly miracle, nor on earthly favor, promises no paradise and threatens with no hell. His only weapon is the awe which the image of his God is fitted to inspire; his sole means of persua sion the searching of the conscience with the

burning word of truth.
When, asks Mr. Heliprin, did this high idealism of the Hebrew mind begin to germinate? Was it a chance shoot on which exceptional intellects bestowed an exceptional power of expansion? Was it the purified survival of a doc rine which Moses brought from the inmos shrine and secret inquications of the Egyptian priesthood? Or was it the slow product of tribal instinct, sharpened by antagonism? We search in vain, says our author, for answers in the prophetic literature of the people, for that opens with the culminating epoch in the development of the monotheistic ideal. There are, of course, both in the prophetical and the historical books of Scripture, single rays of light facilitating rational speculation on the subject; but to collect them into a focus, to systematize the inquiry and present the results falls within the scope of Mr. Hellprin's book. Such an undertaking belongs to the wider field of general Israelitah history, and not to a specific study of ancient Hebrow poetry.

> At His Grave. From the Indianapolis Herald. Chill the moonbeams fall to-night, On his tombstone, tall and white. Rank and tangled grasses wave All unheeded, o'er his grave. Long ago he went to rest; Fond his pallid lips were pressed; Wife and friends and children dear, Weeping, grouped about his bier. In the earth they laid him low, Long ago, Oh, long ago! As for me, I stood apart; No one knew my bleeding heart-No one knew, nor e'er has known. That he once was mine alone! Cold and calm, I turned away, On that ne'er forgotton day, But before my aching eyes Rose a scene 'neath toreign skies: Maiden proud and angry youth, Cruel taunt and bitter word. Hasty blood to madness stirred; To the winds all pledges cast, Each too proud to yield at last; Wenry years of parted pain, Tears, repentance, all in vain! So I calmly turned away From his cold and coffined clay. But when next the midnight hour Chimed from you cathedral tower, On his new-made grave I lay Prostrate till the dawn of day But that thus I made my mean No one knew, nor e'er has known. Years have worn away since then, And beside his grave again. In the strilness, all alone, Crouch I by his burist stone, Where are they who gathered here, Sorrow stricken, round his bier? Priends forgetful, children grown, Scarce his memory have known. Wife assuming other vows, To her new allegiance bows; Only I am left alone By his grave to make my mean. O my voiceless, vanished love I Wanders he mid spheres above-Spheres above or spheres below-He, who died so long ago? Earth and heaven yield no sign To this yearning sont of mine. Earth and heaven answer not! Is he there, as here, forgot? Will he know when all is past, Who was faithful to the last?

From the Sunday School Tienes Ah! who can tell how strong the us Which subly binds us, heart to heart, Til the dark Master, Death, comes nigh. To wrench our kindred lives spart! Then, pondering on the sombre bed Where one we cherished silent lies, With pulseless hands, low-smitten head, And the wan droop of curtained syes— The torpor of the death-sleep cold.
The mystic quiet's awfut spell.
Whose fatheuless silence seems to hold such pathos of supreme farewell— Our clouded spirits throb and reel, As I' some view less power in air Had driven a keen ethereal steel Thro' quivering heart-depths of despair? Paied is the dream of heavenly grace.
The paper sea, the inwanting caling;
We can but mark that breathless face.
Those sightless orbs and folded paling! A moment since, she softly sinke; Her soul looked forth, still hale and clear; Now, who her wondrous sleep can break! And she! where hath she vanished—where? Ah, Christi yon shape of ice-locked clay, Yon fading image, frail and thin, Touched, as we case, by swift decay, Shrivelled without, and wan within, What is it but an empty husk,
(For which sat Feath's mysterious kiss)
Freed Psyche sears from doubt and douk
Beyond earth's crumbing chrysalis? Beyond earth or an analysis of the tred (Daims soon her outworn fleship stress; But her true life nuts forth, with God; Fresh blooms of everiastinguess! Paul II. Harrie. CRRISTENE NILSSON AT HOME.

Visit to her House in Pinites—Benying that the has Made an Engagement with Mapleson—Her Viella and Banjo—"Sam." LONDON, June 15 .- Mme. Christine Nilsson in the course of conversation with the writer yesterday explicitly and emphatically denied that she had entered into an arrangement with Mr. Mapleson to visit the United States; what is more, she declares that he has never bro the subject to her in any form, and she is at a loss to conjecture a reason for the boldness and persistency with which an announcement to the above effect has been made. It in however, extremely probable that Mme. Nilsson will cross the Atlantic this autumn, although it is by no means certain that ther visit will be, a professional one. The cause of Mme, Nilsson's reso lution to revisit the States may be set forth, to use her own words, as "the breach of trust" of her sgent in Boston, against whom her indignation is extreme. Mme Nilsson said that she was persuaded to In a pregnant paragraph the author dilates invest a goodly share of her earnings in Ameron the scope and value of the historical reve-lation which this little book of Amos would ica (amounting to some \$200,000) in real estate in Boston; she has also sunk some \$20,000 in Onleago property, and, to repeat her exact words, "not a farthing now remains of the money I realized while in the United States.'
Mme. Nilsson says that, guite unknown to her her Boston agent rebuilt buildings on her land in Boston after they were destroyed by fire, and generally took upon himself to involve her to usoless and wasteful extravagance. Finally, she says, he evaded all responsibility by taking shelter behind the Bankruptey set. When he falled to pay the carper builders, and the rest, and generally to satisfy the demands consequent upon the erec tion of houses upon Mme. Nilsson's real estate the creditors came down upon her, and she had

Mme. Nilsson, who is now singing at Her Majesty's Opera, resides at 116 Belgrade road Pimileo, which she and her husband, M. Rouzaud, make not only their London home. but their permanent headquarters. They have recently returned from Madrid, where the diva was the recipient of personal attentions from the King and Queen of Spain during the progress of the wedding fêtes, and where she sang during a brilliant season of six months. Mme. Nilson has in her possession an album entirely filled with the photographs of royal scribed thereon, and the muse seems additions to it are the cartes of Alfonso and his lair young bride. Her Belgravian home contains many treasures; thus, in the window recess of the drawing room, midway between two Indian idols, at once as "beautifui" and as ugiy as pug dogs, is an easel upon which rest a number of instruments, including the violin which Mme. Nillson has guarded throughout the years that have brought her fame and fortune. She took the homely little fiddle up tenderly yesterday, saying, "I used to play on this when I was peasant girl; many people have wanted it, but I would never let it go." Upon this instruments shripe was also a guitar, which Mme, Nilsson membered in New York, and still in its green and yellow case, presented to the prima donna while in New York, by Prof. Ogden Doremus. Cabanel's famous picuture of Nilsson as Ophelia hangs in her drawing room, the gift of a noble art patron; and here, too, are large companion pieces by a French master, devoted to monks at prayer and study. These sombre and powerful figures find almost a prototype in a large picture of Faust-not as he appears after he has purchased youth, but as he stands in his study and listens to the voice of temptation. Between the windows is a bust of the young Baroness, since dead, who was once Victoria Balfe, daughter of the composer. And here, too. is a picture in profile of the ugly and spirituelle Princess de Metternich, with this inscription

A ma chère Christine, souventr de vrai affection Mme. Nilseon has also had framed and mounted the illuminated scroll which begs 'the incomparable Marquerite' to return to Russia; it is signed by subscribers to the opera and the list is headed by Tropoff, the assessinated General. Besides the drawing room, there is a billiard room on this floor; and a little recess on the staircase which divides the two apartments is filled with statuettes of the Virgin and many Marquerites.

Mme. Nilsson receives visitors in a reception room in the rear on the ground floor. She is in excellent health, and the six years that have passed since she visitod America have touched her lightly, if indeed at all. Unlike others of the race of prime donne, she has not grown in the least stout, and the face and figure are identically the same as those which bowed in farewell on the memorable night when Nilsson and Lucan sang together in the "Stabat Mater" at the Academy of Music. Since then Mme. Nilsson has visited her own country, Sweden, and been welcomed like a queen. When she came into the harbor all the shipping showed the national colors, and she was greeted by thousands, to whom she sage national air from Russia; it is signed by subscribers to the opera

in her own hand:

Nilsson has visited her own country. Sweden and been welcomed like a queen. When she came into the harbor all the shipping showed the national colors, and she was greeted by thousands, to whom shesang national airs from the balcony of her hotel. While in Sweden she only appeared in concert, and her compatriots have yet to hear her in opera there. Mmc. Nilsson easy that her feeling for the United States is much the same as for her fatherland—for one thing, because of the cordial greeting which she received from Swedes wherever she went while singing with you. She made many inquiries concerning friends in New York, including Mr. Tiden, to whom she was indebted for many floral tributes. Speaking of Arthur Sullivan, who composed "Let Me Dream Again" for her, Mmc. Nilsson said that she had more than once urged him to write a grand opera but she understood how, with so many demands for his services in a lighter field, he should have hesitated over or delayed making what was in some sense a great experiment.

Before the season closes here, on July 20, Mmc. Nilsson will be heard in "Mefisto," an opera by Boito, who has taken his libratio from Goethe's "Faust." In the first part the heroine is Margherila, and in the second, the scene being transferred to Greece, Helena, Boito's mucle, according to Mmc. Nilsson, shows the influence of Wagner, and at the same time betry true Italian melodiac forms. There are charming dues for the heroine with both Faust (Campanini) and the contraito (Trebelli), and the music in the death scene is of a superior character. Who the Mefisto will be is not decided, although the open has a signed to Signor Nanetti. Mmc. Nilsson says that she does not like Wagner's opens, and never shall, but that she sings again in New York will be heard as Norma and Namirande. She rejoies to hear of the success of new aspirants, such as the second in New York will be heard as Norma and Namirande. She rejoies to hear of the success of new aspirants, such as Justical Borda to her repertoire, and when she sings a

week during the last act sho takes a gines of als or porter.

While descending the staircase of the American Exchange on the morning that he visited Mme. Nilsson, the writer had been attracted by the singing and pranks of a small boy in a livery of green and yellow, who, after running the seals with more or less proficiency, assumed much the expression of M. Capoul as Faust, and exclaimed. "O Margharita!" in woebegone accents. As this extraordinary youth supplemented this performance by first threatening to stand on his head, and then carcolling the information. "I'm from Broad-u-way, New Yorlock!" the writer questioned him, and was rowarded with the information that he was "Mms. Christine Nilsson's page"—a fact which, on being duly repeated to the prima donna, caused her to laugh immoderately and exclaim: "Oh! that boy! That Sam! what is he up to now?" It appears that "Sam" was originally discovered by Mr. Mapleson soiling librettes in Union square. Annued at the persistency and sharpness of the ind, who repeatedly endeavored to make the manner purchase books soid under an opposition ibretto contract to that in force at the Academy. Mr. Mapleson took "Sam" into his service. Whence he was promoted to be the prima donna's page. He has confided to his mistress that he intends to be an actor, and during the progress of the conversation above reported his voice was heard from the regions below in shaky staccate passages.

No pen photograph of Mme. Nilsson is needed, since she is quite the same, but it may be said that she was dressed yesterday in a cool and sauty suit of white fiannel, with a vest and loose tacket, a standing collar, and a biue and red cravat. She wears two heavy goid rings, one set with diamonds and a ruby as predous as the contrasting blue stone.

C. W. S.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN AMERICA.

What She Will Play Here-Mile, Bernhards as a Danseuse-Her Sister Jeanne, PARTS, June 11 .- It is now all sealed and settled par devant notaire, as the French say, and, unless she is smitten with some new caprice in the mean time, Mile. Sarah Bernbards will appear 'n Booth's Theatre in November next, under the management of Mr. Abbey. The engagement has been made for one hundred representations, but it may be prolonged by mutual consent if the success be as great as Mr. Abbay expects it will be. The conditions are these: Mile. Sarah Bernhardi will receive \$500 for each performance; on the gross receipts up to \$3,000 she will receive onethird; if the receipts exceed \$8,000 she will receive the third of the \$3,000 and the half of the excess. Her own travelling expenses and those of three persons in her service will be paid by Mr. Abbey, and she will further receive \$300 per week for her board and lodging expenses. Pinally, she will have a right to a benefft performance in all the towns where the company shall make a long stay. A curious clause of the engagement, which was signed on June 10, at the office of Mr. Brandon, solicitor, Essex street, Strand, is that Mr. Abbey undertakes to have translated into Reglish all the pieces of the repertoirs. The frontispiece of he volume will be drawn by Mile. Sarah Bernhardt, and she and the Impressario will ge

shares in the profits resulting from the sale. You will perhaps think that the engagement is already favorable enough. But this is not all. Mile. Sarah Pernhardt is only bound to play six times a week, and if she pleases to perform at a matinée she will receive a special honorarium. Before starting for the New World she is to receive on account \$20,000. At the present moment \$40,000 have been deposited as a guarantee in the hands of a London banker.

Zealous reporters will doubtless have already begun to elaborate fantastic programmes of the forthcoming performances of Mile. Sarah Bernhardt. At present she has the intention of appearing first of all in the pieces which have proved such a success at London, and in which the Parisians have never seen her, namely, "Adrigane Locouvrour," a piece by Scribs and Legouvé, and "Fron Tron," the admirable comedy of Meilane and Haldry. To these she will add Damas the younger's "Dame aux Camédias," which the British Lord Chamberlain refused to theense: "Diano de Lys," "Le Sphinx," and L'Esrangère, "by the same author; André Therriet's "Jean-Maria," a little piece in one act; "La Closerie des Geréts," an old-fashioned drama, by Frédérie Soulié, and "Hamlet" in the vereified translation of Dumas the elder and Paul Menrice. The American public must not, however, count too much upon seeins Mile, Stran Bernhardtin alithese pieces. The same difficulty presents itself in America that havracently prosented itself in England—the lack of actors to support the star. The administrator of the Cemédie Française maving at the last moment refused to give the elder Coquella permission to fuifil his engagement in London, the whole programme of the senson was upset, and "Rey Blas," "Le Sphinx," "L'Aventurière," and other pieces were at once struck off the playbills. Why? Because in those plays the actress who plays the leading rôte needs to be supported by actors as good as horself. In "L'Etrangère," for instance," what would Mrs. Carkson be without the Duc de septimonts? In short, what is Sarah Bernhardt without the company of the Company of the Company of the Company of the company. She preferred to risk her fortunes upon two pieces, and those two were "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "Frou Frou," in which alithe interest is concentrated in the heroine. I may add that Mr. Abbey has very wisely left the company and of the repertoire entirely to Mile. Sarah Bernhardt, with her blond hair and her cadavorous face, will make a remarkable Hamlet," Mile. Sarah Bernhardt, either with or with the reseat of the shown of the company and of the r

inve played Shakespearo in Italian before Engrish audiences.

By some papers it was announced that Mile. Sarah Bernhardt intended to give some performances in English. Nothing can be further from her thourbig, for, although sho can read and speak a little English, shie very wheely saye:

Torefer to play in good French rather than in bad English.

Deaf English.

Sarah Bernhardt's starring projects. Although ther have been rained and proved of Mile. Sarah Bernhardt's starring projects. Although ther have been for approve of Mile. Sarah Bernhardt's starring projects. Although ther have been for the comdeller francise. It was housed that she would appear at the Yaudeville Theatre in October in the 'Dame aux Camélias,' a piece in which the Parlalans have never seen her; she even signed a preliminary treaty with the manager of that theatre, but after having signed with Mr. Abbey she walled herself of asving clause which gave her the privilege of drawing out up to the 18th of this month. At the Vandeville she would have received 1.000 frances a night, and after having appeared in the "Dame aux Camélias" she would have received a role in a dramatization of Alphonse Daudo's novel. Les Role en Exil. But kithis has failen through. Sarah seems to be lost to Laris, for a time at least, for French manager, ready engaged herself to give fifteen representations in London in 18th, for the modest sum of 50,000 frances. But the problem is how long will the star retain its brilliancy? That is a question which the French critics put with some bitterness. They point commonsty to the disastrous campaign of Rachel, who went to America distort implied by a starring tour is doubtless immense, and, in spite of her nerves of second to the modest sum of 50,000 frances. But the problem is how long will the star retain its brilliancy? That is a question which the French critics put with some bitterness. They point commonsty to the disastrous campaign of Rachel, who went to America hale and hearty, and who returned from it with death's hand u

Arts." Sarah Bermarat, deserted in the consult inspiring and novel.

I had the currently the other day to consult the documents of the Conservators of Bisse and Declamation, where larger herebards at the day in the fair high remarks studied, and I find that the fair high remarks the larger upon her thirty-severshound.

The constructions